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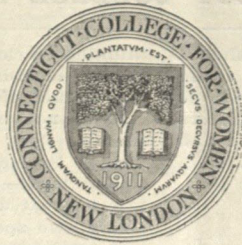
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THE COLLEGE HAS A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On Saturday evening, October 30th, President and Mrs. Marshall entertained the entire college at a Halloween party. The gym was lighted by grinning slant-eyed jack-o'-lanterns, decorated with stacks of cornstalks and golden pumpkins. The spirit of Halloween filled the room when the heavy stage curtain parted and the first of the tableau, which each class had arranged for the evening was announced. The tableau proved to be *Blue Beard*, presented by the Juniors. He came onto the stage in a rage, and with bated breath, the guests watched the narrow escape of his last wife from the tragedy which had befallen her predecessors.

Next the Freshmen called our attention to their tableau, *Sleeping Beauty*. Because the chairs had already been pushed back for dancing, the audience arranged themselves on the floor before the stage, and watched the "Beauty" awake. The Sophomores found among their ranks a dark-haired lassie whom Cinderella's glass slipper exactly fitted, and the Senior class boasted the two loveliest ladies in the land in Snow White and her jealously beautiful queen mother.

Between each tableau the guests danced and thronged about the cider bowl eating rosy apples and crispy doughnuts. And all departed with the pleasant feeling of having spent a very enjoyable Halloween.

HORSEBACK RIDING AT C. C.

Horseback riding has been resumed this year at Connecticut College and it is hoped that many girls will make use of the opportunity offered for enjoying this healthful exercise. For the benefit of those who have not noticed the bulletin board, be it said that Mr. Segelkin owner of some very good horses, has offered to rent them to college girls knowing how to ride and to teach the art to those not already versed in it. His rates are:

\$2.00 for a single lesson or \$10.00 for six lessons.

\$1.50 for the first hour of riding.

\$1.00 for every hour after the first.

A ring for lessons is provided on campus in the field behind the soccer field. This arrangement makes it possible for a girl to ride without a chaperon and also provides safety for the timid or inexperienced. Anyone riding off campus is required to be accompanied by a chaperon or another girl.

For the sake of the horses, everyone must take one supervised lesson. However, if she then passes the test which Mr. Segelkin requires, she will be allowed to ride alone.

Everyone is urged to take advantage of this opportunity or it is feared that Mr. Segelkin will be unable to bring his horses here Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays as planned. We can all show our appreciation to those who have made these arrangements by making horseback riding the most popular sport at college.

M. V. '24.

ON THE ISLE OF TERPSICHOE.

Behold! Terpsichore dwells disguised in our midst! You know not but that she may be near you as you read. Yes, this Muse loiters in her true form but for a few moments each week and then quickly resumes her disguise before you know she has gone. But instead of the proverbial eight sisters, the modern Terpsichore has some seventeen, all of them like unto herself. Each Monday night these sisters meet and dance in a weird way typical of the tales that we have heard concerning them. They cavort unobserved by human eyes.

Break not the spell by watching them, lest they vanish and leave us barren of grace and rhythm.

SENIOR TEAMS.

Senior Hockey Team.	Senior Soccer Team.
Batchelder	Wilson
Wulf	Batchelder
Wilson (captain)	Smith
Littlehales	Hippolitus
Hippolitus	Wulf (captain)
Smith	Littlehales
Pryde	Gregson
Brazos	Brazos
Mason	Pryde
Dickinson	Mason
Marvin	Dickinson
Haasis	Flaherty
Hall	Marvin
Flaherty	

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—?

Miss Mildred White '19, Assistant Librarian, attended the Autumn Meeting of the Connecticut Library Association at Branford in company with Esther Pihl '20. Miss Pihl is librarian at the State Normal School of New Britain.

Dean Nye, Dr. Cole, Dr. Black, Miss Ernst and Esther Watrous '21, attended the Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Branch of the New England Classical Association at New Haven, Saturday, October 30th.

Gertrude Busch '23, will attend the Harvard-Princeton game at Harvard. Gay Powell '22, will attend the Yale-Brown game.

Helen Coops, recently of the class of '22, was elected cheer leader of the Junior class at Barnard.

"Mopey" Mason '23, slept 18 hours at a stretch last week.

Edna Taylor '23, swam across the Thames River in 35 minutes.

THE FIRST C. C. VOTERS.

On November 2nd, the following girls took advantage of their new privilege and cast their first vote in a Presidential election:

Gertrude Avery	Florence Hopkins
Ruth Bacon	Agnes Leahy
Dorothy Behrens	Jeannette Lettney
Anna Mae Brazos	Olive Littlehales
Mary Bristol	Ethel Mason
Harriet Bynon	Minneola Miller
Nellie English	Ruth Pattee
Anna Flaherty	Amy Peck
Abby Gallup	Dorothy Pryde
Dorothy Gregson	Esther Watrous
Charlotte Hall	

"WE WERE ONE—WE WERE TWO."

Before we go any further in our plans for a chapel, new dormitories, class rooms and library, we should build kennels for our dogs and some—what is it anyway, cats call home? Every day we see new and strange beasts roaming the campus. There are "Pete" and "Repete," the two black kittens; numerous hounds; a few odd canines claiming a bit of the pointer; "Buster," who comes up now and then. Also, we get occasional glimpses of a ferocious bull prowling about Branford and of the animated floor mop guaranteed to chew through the thickest woolen stocking and break up any soccer game.

How will we solve this housing problem? Meet the call, Connecticut! The animals need quarters.

J. B. '23.

COUNCIL NOTES.

Girls are not to knit or sew in con-vocation.

Girls are not to go to Bolles' Wood or the college property by the river unless there are at least three in the party.

A QUESTION OF CHOICE.

Departmental clubs, I believe to be exceedingly meritorious and of great advantage under certain circumstances. They are enjoyable to those interested in the subject; they offer additional material to these students, and accordingly are supported by them. The advanced French student loyally upholds the French Club, as the student majoring in Spanish praises the value of that club. This enthusiasm is most worthy and the societies should be supported and encouraged until they interfere with or hinder more essential organizations.

A college has less need for departmental clubs than it has for a school paper, or for social clubs. A school must have social organizations to create and preserve associations and friendships, good times, and good feelings, and finally, to keep alive school spirit. Departmental clubs do not primarily further this entirely social spirit. A small college can not support too many activities. Which then shall it organize? The answer comes: Those activities which it needs most, and which will, to the highest degree, promote the spirit of the school. As long as History, French, and Spanish can be learned in classes, the clubs are not indispensable, and if the school can not support many organizations, these should give way to the less essential so that those activities which a college has, it may support loyally.

M. L. '24.

BAPTIST CHURCH RECEPTION.

On Thursday, October 22nd, the members of the First Baptist Church held a reception for the College girls. An enjoyable program of vocal and piano solos was given, after which refreshments were served by the hostesses.

Friend—"Did you have any accident on your trip yesterday?"

Mr. Otto Speeder—"I think so. When I arrived home, I found two locomotive wheels, some mail bags, and part of a dining car on my fender."—Life.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB GIVES THREE PLAYS.

On Saturday evening, November 6th, the Dramatic Club presented three plays, "The Pot o' Broth," "The Wonder Hat" and "Op o' me Thumb."

The first play, laid in a tiny village in Ireland, was very quaint and humorous. Dorothy Payne was the Beggar who possessed the marvelous stone which, with a "drop of boiling water"—and a little meat and a few vegetables with a bit of seasoning—made excellent broth. Elizabeth Moyle was the clever husband who penetrated the Beggar's carefully laid schemes. His wife, Dorothy Hubbard, was a notedly hard-hearted person who was, however, readily trapped by the Beggar's gallantry.

"The Wonder Hat," with Marguerite Lowenstein as Harlequin, Caroline Francke, Pierrot, Dorothy Henkle, Punchinello, Roberta Newton, Columbine and Helen Barkerding as the nurse, Margot, made every woman in the audience wish for a Punchinello to sell her a charm. Punchinello, who was always being cheated and was always running madly about, started all the trouble by selling to the dainty and already charming Columbine the famous slipper which made the wearer much sought-after by all men; and by supplying the blasé and too popular Harlequin with the "Wonder Hat," which made him invisible. The slipper made the hitherto impervious Pierrot fall desperately in love first with Columbine and then with the nurse. Of course it ended happily with Harlequin and Columbine united.

Those who had seen either Maud Adams in "Op o' me Thumb" or Mary Pickford in "Suds," wondered whether the last play could be a success but they were not left wondering for very long. Mrs. Galloway who was "independent-like," Rose, who had her young chap and little Celeste of the

(Continued on page 3, column 4.)

MORE CREW!

Since it has been decided that we are to have a crew, the next question before the House is how we are to get it.

Now just suppose a notice were posted on the bulletin board in New London Hall. Would you who are interested either in the crew itself, or in the fact that C. C. ought to have a crew, sign up to back the project?

If a large enough number signed up, we would have a meeting and vote on plans to launch the campaign. Those who enlisted would not be expected to give financial support—note that I said "expected," not "permitted." Your support would be given in different ways,—some have time to offer, some can supply us with new suggestions and ideas, others are more skilled in publicity; in short, every one of us can, and should be willing to do her part along whatever line she may be the most proficient.

We ask each one of you to think this matter over *seriously*. We are not joking nor trying to fill up space. We mean to carry our campaign through to a triumphant finish! Are you with us? Then watch the bulletin board for the opportunity to show your mettle.

'22.

Connecticut College News

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AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

Are we under the impression that our commuters' problem is settled and have we sunk back with a sigh of relief? If so, let us reconsider! Town girls are still occupying their gym quarters, and as a lunch room and rest room combined, the gym is hardly what one could wish. We all know that where flies abound, lunches are apt to be distasteful; and where noise and bustle and showers are, study and rest are almost impossible. In psychology we learn that a clean, attractive place is conducive to good digestion and good health. If so, our commuters must be paragons to have thus far kept their health and tempers so intact.

Yes, you say, but what about the room in Branford? It has been tried and found wanting. It is dark and unattractive, and the girls have not found it comfortable or convenient. Neither is it large enough to accommodate all the town girls.

It seems to us that definite and practical steps should be taken to alleviate these conditions. The girls here do not realize how important it is for the town girls to have a comfortable quiet study in which to spend their free hours during the day. A large, sunny, well-ventilated and well-heated room, with plenty of comfortable chairs and couches, and some bright curtains, should be placed at their disposal—a room which, for sanitary reasons at least, is cleaned when the girls are not there.

This matter has been given far too

little consideration. Commuters should be as comfortably housed as those girls living in dormitories. Let us hope that soon they will have living quarters that will be a "delight to the eye and a joy to the heart." B. F. '22.

MUD SLINGING.

Most of us do it,—in a mild form, sometime or another. It is not the violent kind of mud, the kind with rocks in it, to which I refer, but the kind that calls the other fellow down and thinks he is no good, and wonders "Where on earth Mary ever picked up that hat, it's such a freak," and "isn't Bertha a perfect 'nut'" and "did you ever in your life see such a screaming hair comb as Tillie's?" Oh we all do it. There's no getting around it. It is a well-known adage that all women are catty by nature. I don't believe it. That is I don't want to believe it. But don't we, when you stop to think of it, delight in giving little digs now and then? "And pray what is the harm in giving a few once in a while?" you inquire. Because, out of small, trivial digs,—like the oak from the acorn,—come larger ones and soon we are become habitual mud slingers.

Now far be it from me to start anything about politics, but as the title of this article originated there, remarks concerning it may not be untimely. Certainly, one of the most contemptible things about our public life, and this is not the only one, is the wholesale habit of slinging rocks and mud at the opposing candidate and his backers. Let us not hurl mud at the other fellow,—or girl. Let us not say, when so and so is elected, "Why on earth didn't they pick out Annabelle? She dances divinely and has such adorable dimples." Say to yourself instead, "Gwendolyn will make a fine Treasurer, I think. She looks quite honest and really adds remarkably well. And besides, I love the way she does her hair, don't you?"

Pick out the nice points. Instead of slinging mud, you can sling a few bouquets without impairing your loyalty one whit.

M. P. T.

FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor:—Not very long ago I heard it remarked by a member of the faculty that American college girls, as a rule tended to be superficial; that they accepted as their own the opinion of the last author or speaker they happened to have read or heard; and that they very readily gave their opinion on matters which they knew very little about. Deplorable as that remark was, I had to admit that it was partly true;—that we, American college girls, are rather prone to accept other people's opinions and philosophies as our own, that we are influenced, perhaps to too great an extent by what we read or hear; and that we do not, as a rule, stop to think things out for ourselves.

Perhaps it is because we are too busy trying to store quantities of facts in our minds—facts which may be useful in the classroom and in our future lives—that we do not realize our chief aim here is not to obtain a large quantity of knowledge ad verbatim but to acquire the power to think, the power to reason things out for ourselves.

We are all supposed to be intelligent, thinking women! But think how many of us, in the case of this presidential campaign, accepted a certain candidate upon the recommendation of our fathers, brothers, finances, and in some cases, instructors. And yet we all realized that the election concerned us vitally. Does it mean then that we simply did not consider it worth our while to spend time

thinking seriously in order to truly decide, according to our own judgment, who would make the best president?

It is not only in national politics that we shirk but in school matters as well. Problems come up during the school term—problems which necessitate a great deal of individual thought. But do we spend time working out our own opinions? Sometimes we do; *more often we do not.* We are apparently satisfied to let a few minds do our thinking for us. Isn't it about time we ceased to be influenced by others and began to formulate our own opinions?

The world today, more than ever, is in dire need of intelligent, individual thinking women and it is expecting us, as college women, to fill the role. It is therefore our duty to see to it that we do qualify to "fill the bill to a T" and never let it be said again that American college girls are superficial. G. T. '22.

To the Editor:—We are deeply incensed and feel constrained to register a literary protest against a most absurd prohibition.

Horse-back riding may not be substituted for regular Physical Education work!

It may be taken for the fourth, unsupervised hour of exercise, but somebody, somewhere—we like to think not of the Physical Education department—objects to allowing students too great opportunities to exercise their honor, lest the frail virtue wears out. In plain terms there is an objection to too much unsupervised gymnasium work. Somebody thinks that without compulsion the students here at college are such an energy-less, hot-house-variety lot of girls that they would shun vigorous, healthful, delightful exercise in Nature's great fresh air.

We say delightful? We do. Any and every book ever written on physical care particularly emphasizes the fact that, to be health giving, exercise must be enjoyed—not forced. A deliberate following up of planned physical exertion, or an hour of chasing an insane ball over a humpy field, may develop muscles like those of a ship-riveter, but unless done gladly, joyfully, even though supervised, it will never bring a person that fine glowing, glad-to-be-alive feeling that is health and fitness.

We say let each person take that form of exercise which delights her most; be it hockey, soccer, rowing, swimming, walking, running against the wind for the pure love of it, climbing trees, jumping rope,—or—riding horse-back. And let her take it supervised or unsupervised as the case requires. SAVONAROLA '21.

OH, FOR A LIGHT!

We recognize the fact that there are many shining lights among the student body who may in later years brighten the future of our college and make it famous. But we doubt their ability to shed real, honest-to-goodness illumination on our dark path to dinner—or at least we've never encountered any such individuals. Have you stubbed your toe as many times as we have? Have you fallen over the stone fence almost every night? Have you cut your best friend when you really didn't know anyone was coming until she was well past you? Have you ever twisted your ankle on that path and been denied the privilege of playing on your class team? Do you dread every next step? Do you see hobgoblins behind the fir trees? If you are or have been at any time subject to these trials and tribulations, add your voice to ours in a heart-felt plea for lights along the path to help us avoid the danger shoals. B. F. '22.

AMONG OUR POETS.

TO A FRESHMAN ON SEEING HER AT THE TABLE.

(With Apologies to Robert Burns).

Wee, modest cow'r'in' tim'rous girlie
What makes thy feelin's all a' swirlie?
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start like that sae hasty
Wi' dreadful fear,
I wad be laith to really harm thee,
I'd gie thee cheer.

When to the table thou didst come,
Thou need na kept so very mum,
Hae look't around wi' fearful glance
So very shy.
But to thy neighbor thou might hae
talked
And gien reply.

That wee bit heap o' bread an' stew
Hast cost thee mony a weary chew,
As thou didst glance from side to side
Wi' awful shame
To think perhaps thou wouldst be last
To finish same. K. F. '23.

THE NOBLEST SONNET.

"Alas, Alas!" the poet cried
"Too near the throbbing heart of
Life I've pressed
With drooping wings my sad Muse
lies,
Stricken and mute-distressed."

"O, that I might have power to rise
Above the awful turmoil and the
wrong—
Above the human pain which drags
me down—
Into joyous, carefree song!"

"That I might stand on heights un-
known to man
And, casting off the shackles of my
birth,
Might spend my soul in glorious mel-
odies
Untouched by taint of earth!"

But ever as the poet spoke,
A quiet voice was saying in his
heart,
"Think'st thou to win the priceless gift
of song
"By placing thus thyself apart?"

"Thou fool, fear not the sordid
Despise not pain, and dare the igno-
ble strife
And you will learn that noblest son-
nets spring
From the throbbing heart of life!"
E. M. S. '24.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

To sit and gaze on space that wakes
in me
Neither will, nor yet desire
For any deed;
To feel an aching void where for-
merly
Thronged thoughts with impulse higher
Than common creed.

To watch a sunset—flame born quiv-
ering—
Grow in mute voluptuousness,
Not seeing it;
To lie where song of lark bursts
triumphing—
Hint of scorn at man's distress—
Not hearing it.

To sense a sea of chaos—"Soul" em-
bodying,
Feel that life does not yet spring,
Yet wish it spent,
To waive a God, care not if all is
nothing,
Good is ill—ah, this the thing:
Discouragement.

E. T. '23.

"I'll show 'em," said the hen as she
kicked the porcelain egg out of the
nest, "They can't make a bricklayer
out of me."—Carnegie Puppet.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Oh for a light, several gleams of light! In this life of hurry, every minute counts. And yet we are forced to pick our way slowly up steps, down stairs and around campus in pitchy blackness. How many times do we feel our stumbling way up the steps between the gymnasium and the dining hall, on our way to dinner, and either just catch ourselves or go sprawling on our hands and knees? Cannot the light nearest this spot be flashed on earlier?

But this is not all! The car is coming; we rush down the first flight of steps near the car station and barely escape a fall! For the darkness of the corner makes the location of the last two steps uncertain, and we hesitate or plunge into space, trusting to luck that we shall land safely on our two feet. Why cannot a light be placed at this dangerous corner?

Again, even a walk to the Library has its dangers. For how often have we stumbled up the steps of New London Hall or, in wet weather, slipped up or slid down,—all for want of a light?

Must we be in constant danger of breaking our bones, ruining our clothes, to say nothing of our dispositions, or else of being late, all because of no lights?

Oh, let there be light at the right places and at an earlier hour! '23.

Miss Evelyn Ryan '24, read at the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Nathan Hale School, on Monday afternoon, November first. Her recitations included selections from Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," and several well-rendered poems in French Canadian Dialect.

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CLUBS.

SPANISH CLUB.

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on the evening of Wednesday, October 27th, in New London Hall. Nellie LeWitt was elected secretary, and Grace Fisher treasurer for the coming year. A discussion then followed on the subject of the Spanish play, which is to be given in December.

LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Club assembled for the first time this year on Tuesday evening, October 26th, in Branford Lounge. Loretta Roche, president of the club, stated that the program for the winter will consist in the reading of modern short stories and poetry, varied occasionally by an essay, or some other special selection. A *Simple Act of Piety* by Achmed Abdullah was read during the evening and tea and cookies were received with much enthusiasm. A delightful sense of informality pervaded the entire meeting lending a very desirable atmosphere. The club plans to make all its meetings of this informal nature.

HISTORY CLUB.

All persons interested in History were invited to attend the first meeting of the History Club, held in the Gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 28th. After the business was finished, a novel program of tableaux was presented. The first showed Betsey Ross and her friends fashioning the first American flag, while Antoinette Taylor sang "America." Then followed in quick succession: "Pocohontas," Laura Dickenson; "George Washington," Helen Merritt; and Helen Avery as "Rouget de Lisle," singing the Marseillaise for the first time. "Jeanne d'Arc" was portrayed by Anna Mae Brazos. Other interesting personages from history were: Ethel Mason as "George the Fifth of England," Mae Birch as "Millerand," Abby Hollister as "Wilson" and Adelaide Satterly as "Queen Victoria." A most charming "Sir Walter Raleigh," Laura Batchelder, laid his coat before the haughty Elizabeth in the person of Hattie Goldman. The program was concluded by Florence Silver as "Victory" while the audience joined in the *Star Spangled Banner*.

SERVICE LEAGUE.

The Service League wishes to announce that the results of its financial campaign to date are \$430.25. This is not final, as all the reports have not been turned in.

DRAMATIC CLUB TEA.

A delightful tea was given on Thursday afternoon, October 28th, in the reception room of Branford House, by the officers and standing committees of the Dramatic Club to several ladies from town, for the purpose of interesting them in the plays to be given on Saturday, November 6th. It is hoped that on this occasion they will act as patronesses. Miss Sherer and Miss Nye poured tea which was served with dainty sandwiches and wafers. The

guests were: Mrs. E. P. Eggleston, Mrs. F. C. Eggleston, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, Mrs. Colin Buel, Mrs. F. H. Reeves, Mrs. Valentine Chappell, Mrs. John Edwin Wells, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Sidney Miner, Miss Ruth Newcomb, the Misses Helen and Dorothy Whiton, Mrs. Henry Bill Selden, Mrs. J. Beveridge Lee, Mrs. J. Romeyn Danforth, and Mrs. Charles B. Graves.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF HOCKEY.

As soon as I was "tugged out" in my gym suit, I snatched my hockey-stick and ran for the field full of enthusiasm to view this new and novel game. Having never before seen a hockey field (I am loathe to confess athletics as little favored in my high school) I was somewhat confused by the curious tangle of white lines. But of course, I feared to ask questions, lest I show my ignorance.

Then a shrill whistle brought me to attention and after the ceremony of the roll-call was over, the instructor told us to take our places on the field. I knew that I was to play right inside forward but where, oh where was the right inside forward expected to be? The field was so large and I so small! Again, fearing to disclose my scant knowledge of hockey I kept silent. So stalwartly, I marched out on the field resolved to play somewhere. I did station myself somewhere, but I was soon informed that I had taken the place of the left full-back! I moved. After two girls went through peculiar motions in the center of the field "bullying" they called it, everyone began running in the direction of the ball. Naturally, I ran, too.

Never shall I forget that first mêlée. It was the most strenuously exciting battle in which I have ever taken part. At first it was one mass, a conglomeration of sticks and legs, legs and sticks. I struck blindly, wildly; sometimes hitting the earth, sometimes a foot—never the ball. Then there followed more striking, more shouts and away flew the ball down to the other end of the field.

I heard the order to remain in my own section, but to run parallel with the ball. So up and down I ran, ever abreast with that mad group. I tore over the field as if I were making one last dash for life. My breath came quicker, my heart beat faster and faster till it seemed to be pounding against my side. My legs grew heavy and dull and my head began to swim. Still I ran on and on.

I was just on the point of collapse when a sharp, sickening pain in my shin made me howl with agony. It was that hateful ball! I wanted to sit down and rub my leg to ease the pain. I found out all too quickly that in hockey no time is afforded for nursing one's hurts. At once the mass was about me, shoving, pushing, stumbling. I felt it my duty to strike at something, so strike I did. I really think I must have hit the ball that once, for in a flash the riotous group was yards away, repeating anew those seemingly ridiculous tactics. I was vacillating whether to follow them and break into

the rabble or to give the game up as a bad job—when joy! the welcome whistle blew and rest was called. Thus ended my first game of hockey.
C. E. H. '24.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB GIVES THREE PLAYS.

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

songs and aversion to work, made the laundry an entertaining place for every one save Madam Didier who disliked everything save work and poor Amanda who "always pretended" when you knew her sad life. You really couldn't blame her for the wealthy, imaginary father or the ardent lover—Orace Greensmith—who once left a shirt in the laundry. The scene between Orace and Amanda was excellently acted and the pathetic little Amanda made more than one wink hard to keep back the tears.

The cast consisted of Evelyn Pyan as Madam Didier, Ruth Crowenthal as Rose, M. A. Taylor as Cleen, Beulah Dimminck as Celeste, Anita Greenbaum as Amanda and M. P. Taylor as Horace Greensmith.

The three plays were as nearly perfect as possible in scenery, costumes and acting and the audience which included New Londoners as well as the college community was very appreciative and enthusiastic.

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THE WEEKLY GROAN.

If the saying, "Brevity is the soul of wit," is true, then there is something ridiculous about the costumes of some of our fair enchantresses.—The Blue Stocking.

"You can lead a student to lectures, but you can't make him think."

Dr. B— in B-t-y, "Any nut consists of two parts."

Dr. C—"Translate, 'tout a coup.'"
Student—"All in a coup."

Freshman—"Why do the leaves of a book stay together?"

Senior—"Oh, they're bound to do that."

W. H.—"Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?"

G. B.—"Yes. Suppose you had 'em and they chirped."

Even in the coup! (Not the "coup" of our promising French student!)

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for!

Georgie was praying, but his sister Lorraine could not resist the temptation to tickle his bare, unprotected pink soles.

Georgie stood it unflinching for some minutes, then, stopping short his devotions, "Excuse me a minute, God," he said, "while I beat the stuffing out of Lorry."—The Crescent.

BEATING THE H. C. L.

There was a fair co-ed named Jean, Who aspired to become kitchen queen; She took domestic science, And with every appliance She prepared a whole meal from a bean. —Life.

CLASS MEETINGS.

FRESHMAN CLASS MEETING.

The first Freshman class meeting was called to order on November 5th by Dorothy Gregson, who explained that the class colors are to be buff and blue in accordance with the college custom, by which the class that has just graduated hands down its colors to the incoming Freshman class. Miss Pattee of the News spoke about the need of Freshmen writing for the News, and announced the plan of issuing a Freshman number, the material to come exclusively from the Freshman class.

Elections were then in order. Gloria Hollister was elected President, to the satisfaction of all; Janet Crawford, Vice-President; Elizabeth Holmes, Secretary and Barbara Kent, Treasurer.

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING.

At the second regular meeting of the Sophomore Class held Wednesday, November 3rd, Dean Nye, President Marshall, Miss Black, and Mr. Doyle were voted honorary members of the class. Jeanette Cone was elected class auditor.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING.

At the regular meeting of the Junior Class Friday, November 5th, Grace Fisher was elected associate editor, Jeanette Sperry, subscription manager, and Helen Peale assistant art editor of the Koiné.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

On the same date at the Senior Class meeting plans for the Koiné were discussed. Louise Lee was unanimously elected Senior associate editor to replace Margaret Jacobson. The Abby Print Shop, Publishers, are to have charge of all the printing. Advertisements will be \$40 for a full page, \$20 for a half page, and \$10 for a quarter page. Contributions from all the classes are greatly desired.

The following Commencement committees were appointed: Baccalaureate and Commencement: Jeanette Lettney, Ella McCollum, Catherine Cone; Class Day: Marion Keene, Gladys Beebe, Laura Batchelder, Dorothy Wulf, Laura Dickenson; Senior Prom: Florence Silver, Ruth Wilson, Hattie Goldman, Agnes Leahy.

OTHER COLLEGES AND THE TIMES.

Vassar sets a very good example to other colleges and college papers by publishing long, open letters about the political situation, representing the democratic and republican points of view. This action shows that Vassar students take a keen interest in political affairs. It is to be hoped that our own student body will also rise to the occasion on political issues.

Goucher College, Maryland, is the first Woman's College in the country to provide for the education of women voters as a result of the Nineteenth Amendment. This step was made possible by the will of Mrs. Elizabeth King Ellicott, a pioneer suffragist, who left \$25,000 in trust to be used for this purpose as soon as equal suffrage should be secured throughout the country.

ENTERTAINERS JOURNEY TO MERIDEN.

For the benefit of their college scholarship fund, the College Club of Meriden, is planning an entertainment on November 22nd. That C. C. spirit may be present to lend interest to the affair Ann Slade, Katharine Culver and Evelyn Ryan will go to Meriden as representatives of the college, and through their entertainment foster interest in Connecticut.

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